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FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1866.

The Philosophy of Our Position.

THE AGE quotes, with apparent approval, some extracts from a recent letter written by General MARTINDALE to Senator SHERMAN. It parades certain truisms in it with great gusto, as though anybody doubted that the mass of the Rebels were, in a certain sense, "sincere." But what of that? Does that make the three hundred thousand lives we have sacrificed any the less precious, or the three thousand millions of dollars we have spent any the less valuable? Sincerity is a very poor plea to set up as an excuse for crime. The AGE says: "Here is a Republican soldier who says that in his opinion the South could not help fighting, and 'was right' to fight."

The AGE is dishonest. It seeks to make it appear that General MARTINDALE asserts that the South was morally right, and justified in fighting. It knows better. What MARTINDALE said was this:—"In my opinion, while the institution of slavery continued to form their habits and national character, they were right in regard to the differences between us as irreconcilable and irremediable." This is merely Mr. NEWBOLD's old doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery over again. Of course, while they persisted in believing, with the AGE, that slavery was morally right, economically profitable and socially desirable, neither they nor anybody else could regard the differences between them and us as other than "irreconcilable and irremediable."

But the very gist of MARTINDALE's whole letter the AGE fails to see or appreciate, although, for a wonder, it publishes it. It is where he says:—"In that resort to war the whole cause of difference was involved and stated. If we of the North had failed in the war, we should have been constrained to concede that slavery, and its incidents and consequences in the formation of Southern society, had been confirmed and established, and must spread throughout the country as the condition of the renewed union."

"Southern men knew that their defeat involved the destruction of slavery and its consequences. We all know, North and South, that the attempt to reorganize the opposing systems of free and slave society under our Government is madness, because it must result in civil war." This covers the whole question, and states the issue most admirably. The war was between two great systems of society—between irreconcilable and antagonistic ideas. Had the South triumphed, slavery, with "all its incidents and consequences," must have prevailed throughout the country "as the condition of renewed union." So, on the other hand, the North having triumphed, freedom, with all its incidents and consequences, must prevail through the country as the condition of renewed union.

That is true and sound doctrine, and we thank General MARTINDALE for putting the philosophy of the issue so plainly before the people. All our trouble arises from the unwillingness of the South, and especially of its Northern allies—the Democrats—to accept this plain statement of the case. They are not willing to acknowledge that the South, with its systems and ideas, was really overthrown in the war. They are still striving to save as many as possible of the "incidents and consequences" of slavery. On the other hand the North claims, and rightfully claims, and must not and will not give up, the substantial fruits of victory. In that resort to war, as MARTINDALE says, "the whole cause of difference was involved and stated." Freedom triumphed, and freedom, with all its incidents and consequences, must prevail throughout the country as the condition of renewed union. The Southern idea was overthrown—its system destroyed—and the whole concern must now go by the board. We are not going to keep the "incidents and consequences" after the principal has been destroyed. The sooner the South recognizes these things and acts upon them, the sooner will the condition of renewed union be fully established.

The AGE, too, and those whom it represents, had better give up the contest. They may as well recognize the fact that there has been a revolution, and that slavery is at an end. The day for winning political victories by appeals to the prejudice and brutality which were among the chief of slavery's consequences, has passed. The AGE does not seem to realize it, and bellows away as lustily about the "nigger," as though we were still living in the dark days when slavery ruled the country. It is time for these political Rip Van Winkles to wake up, and comprehend, if they can, the great change that has come over the land.

General Scott's funeral. The funeral services of Brevet Lieutenant-General SCOTT were celebrated today at 1 o'clock, at West Point, with unusual pomp and solemnity, in the presence of committees of the two Houses of Congress; of Lieutenant-General GRANT; the heads of the staff departments of the army, and other distinguished military and naval officers; of committees of the Common Council of the city of New York; and of the representatives of other public bodies. Both Houses of Congress have adorned in honor to his memory, and throughout the country the officers of the Federal Government have been ordered to observe the day as one of public mourning.

Respect for the departed brave.—We the undersigned, desirous of showing some mark of respect for our late Lieutenant-General Scott, do hereby agree to close up our places of business at 1 o'clock.

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STEPHENIANA.

CAED MILLE FAILTHE.

ERINGO UNUM—L FLURIBUS BRACH.

The Bald, Bold Irish Chieftain's Explanations of the Bald and Bold Schemes of the Fenians.

HIS HEAD IS LEVEL AND GRACEFULLY TURNED.

How He Spots the Disorganizers.

AN EX HEAD CENTRE ON THE CENTRIFUGAL.

MR. STEPHENS' FINICAL ABOUT THE FENIAN FINANCES.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Last night a rich and rare intellectual treat was promised to the Fenians of Philadelphia. The daily papers announced to their expectant eyes that the great James Stephens, C. O. I. R., the lineal descendant of the man who lived in Tara's Halls and the wearer of the mantle of Wolf Tone, Brian Boru, and Smith O'Brien, would expound the mysteries of the Brotherhood at National Hall. The selection of the place of speaking was ominous. We know not whether some poppy, or mandragora, or some other potent spirit, has been instilled into his walls, but certain it is that for a successful public meeting to be held there is an anomaly in the history of the building. The architect seems to have designed his work in order that every facility for contests and interruptions should be afforded. The stage is low and narrow, so that the occupants of the auditorium can capture the occupants of the high seats of the synagogue without the aid of grapping irons. The rear of the room ascends, so that masses hurled can follow the law of gravity in their course towards the speaker's head. In fact, every temptation to a conflict is presented, and if few American audiences can resist the temptation, how can Irishmen hope to let their angry passions rise? As we sat upon the stage, visions of the John Brown meeting rose before us, visions of the negro equality meeting, and of countless Democratic assemblies, filled the air. We felt we were on the eve of a great event.

The hall filled up slowly as the hour of eight approached. The sage and prudent of the audience, to the necessity of paying fifty cents, the unprejudiced laid it at the door of fifty cents. He the cause what it may, five hundred would be a liberal estimate of the size of the audience. If the aroma of contention was imperceptible, the aroma of Fenianism soon made itself appreciable, and but for the vicinity of an open window, patriotism itself must have been smothered. At last Stephens, accompanied by a number of the Fenian staff, appeared, and was greeted with loud applause. He is a short, heavily-built man, with a high forehead and bald head, with the exception of a narrow string of long red locks, brushed back behind his ears.

He is by no means a handsome man, and his general physiognomy is far from prepossessing. Mr. Andrew Wynne performed the ceremony of introduction, which was the signal for a round of applause. The "Great Foga" of the Brotherhood commended his oration and pronounced himself—I could not be disheartened when I listen to that cheer. It has cheered my heart. If the cheer will allow me?—At this stage of the oration the audience fell into the natural delusion that the Chief Executive was asking for more cheers, and they proceeded immediately to gratify his wishes. Mr. Stephens resumed his address. He is not a fluent speaker, but he is a man of force, and frequently seems at a loss for words, as he has none of the powerful manner or pleasing address which we would expect from an Irish leader, but rambles a good deal, with but the one redeeming quality of perfect self-possession. The speech is given in full in the morning papers, and was interrupted by six females, seated in the fore part of the hall, waving small pocket-handkerchiefs, a signal for the men to applaud. As the females did not possess great discrimination they took a cue every time the orator lifted his hand; hence the enthusiasm was frequently slightly out of place. For instance, he remarked with great fury, "Yon Fenians in America have betrayed us in Ireland." This complimentary announcement was greeted with wild applause by the Fenians. After speaking for about an hour, Mr. Stephens announced himself not only willing but anxious to answer any questions which might be put to him by the audience. He wanted all doubts to be solved, and begged that none would hesitate. At this point of the assemblage the fun commenced. We have attended many a farce at the theatre; we have seen John Bronham, the Drows, Carke, and all the leading comedians; but never was a more perfectly absurd scene presented than the one which was kept up for the next hour. Upon the hint of Mr. Stephens a man in the audience spoke. He asked:—"Do I understand you to say that the people of Ireland are so unreasonable that they do not want Eng and crippled as any port except on the coast of Ire and England?" Mr. Stephens replied:—"They want England crippled, but do not want Ireland crippled; at the same time they know that Ire and will be destroyed. We know at home that if any body of men go into Canada, the men in Ireland will be held responsible. We cannot hold together beyond this year; and the people of Ire and would go from the country in tens of thousands if you make any diversion from the right path—Ireland."

A gentleman well known in the newspaper circles of our city arose and read to the C. O. I. R. two questions, relating them with the remark that he only desired to give Mr. Stephens an opportunity to vindicate himself. Mr. Stephens (exultingly):—"I won't vindicate myself I won't hear you. Sit down." A voice:—"Let him speak; let's hear him." Mr. Wynne:—"Order! order! Let the gentleman be heard." The question "Whether the Fenian Brotherhood, organized as it was for the liberation of Ireland, has not been used by perjurers and Campo Bellans for the destruction of its intentions, and whether in the future the same means may not be employed for the benefit of English diplomacy, viz., the confederacy of the Canadian colonies, and also the destruction of Irish liberty in Ireland? Whether you James Stephens are not a British agent employed to destroy the influence of American Irishmen in favor of their native country?" Mr. Stephens—"You're a traitor; you're no Fenian. Gentlemen, am I to be insulted? Put him out, put him out!" and the furious Chief rushed at his interrogators, seized the questions from the gentleman's hands, and flung them on the floor. The cries of the

Centre were taken up by the audience. A short-haired leader on the stage made a rush for the victim of misapplied confidence. He was seized, hurried off the platform sans hat, sans manuscript, sans senses, and deposited in a corner, where four faithful Fenians kept guard. In the course of the evening a faint voice would issue from the imprisoned questioner, "They won't let me speak." "Let him speak," would be the reply of the Centre. But no sooner did he recognize his late opponent, than an "Oh! oh! you—be quiet!" would issue from the Chief, and the too rash questioner would be silent.

It is a fact worthy of note, that the only offense of the gentleman, was asking Mr. Stephens his word, and that Mr. Stephens did not answer the question about a British agent, tried to prevent the audience hearing it, at a great courtship of investigation, stopped the first attempt at it. It is worthy of note that the questions were written out and shown to Mr. Stephens before the meeting, and that he expressed perfect willingness to answer them. But no sooner were they propounded than he turned on his questioner.

After the excitement had partially subsided another voice arose in the audience. "Where we focus for trusting John J. Mahony when you ordered him?" Mr. Stephens—"You have been tampered with, sir! You are my dogs, sir! Shall the true Irishman doubt the patriotism of their fellow countrymen? Will you not stand by your native land?" and a vast supply of but-combe, which distracted the attention of the audience, silenced the unfortunate questioner, and caused great confusion for the audience.

Again—"Where did J. J. Mahony, his papers? How soon were they found?" Mr. Stephens—"I see your purpose. I scorn you. You are invidious. Go to Ireland, and ask the Irish; they will tell you if they don't hang you, who is to be trusted. Ask them whether I have not done my duty," etc. As some of the audience seemed inclined to go to their chief adviser, he looked around triumphant.

"And now," said he, "I hope you will keep on asking me questions. I am delighted to answer. Everything must be explained and I will appear here no longer in my course. Has any one else any thing else to ask?" When it is remembered that all the questions heretofore had been crushed, calumnietic, or temperate, invidious, and the like, we wondered if any other would venture.

A voice of a Stentor came from the audience. "What has become of the Fenians we have given already?" Mr. Stephens protested his inability to hear the questioner, although to us we thought the voice could almost have been heard in the distance. "You have been deceived. There was never any Fenian. When they got ten dollars at the Moffat mansion they called it a hundred, and a hundred was a thousand. You will hear the report of the Committee. I see in your eye you are a detractor. Will the glorious Fenian flag ever more float over a nationality or a nation? Will the Fenians have not degenerated in brains, muscle, or determination?" (loud cheers.)

A man was seen to stand up, move his lips, wave his arms, but we heard no sound. At last he articulated "What I want is—". Some one suggested "a voice" as his principal want, but he did not appear satisfied, although he was pointed into him, requesting some one "to give that boy a worm," as the metaphor varied, "give that bird a worm." After being thus sported with, he subsided. One Irishman rose, and said he had a question to ask. The acknowledged fact that Mr. Mitchell writes weekly letters to the New York Daily News, and signs them with his name, presents a slight contradiction to Mr. Stephens' assertion that he is a secret and forgotten. A few more like questions were asked, and were replied to with intonations of silence and an appeal to the audience to be patient, until at last all appeared exhausted of any more. I presented myself as candidate for objection.

Then Mr. Stephens addressed the meeting. He placed his hand on his breast, bowed, smiled, and said he had satisfied all their enquiries. Ireland would be free. Subscribers to the Fenian Standard; all would go to Ireland; they would not be satisfied until they had their money. He would be their father, their friend, their chief. Amid great cheering for Stephens by the party, and for Wynne by another, the meeting dispersed. However well the night succeeded in denuding the Fenian masses, the leaders and all distinguished spectators were far from satisfied, and felt that Mr. Stephens was not reliable, and that the Fenian cause was dead.

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